

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 4.

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WHOLE NO. 159.

The Poet's Corner.

OLEOPATRA.

Here, Charming, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms. Turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden flow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with a dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Lotters the low, smooth Nile
Through slender papyrus, that cover
The sleeping crocodile;
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple is rolled;
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning, and for wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together,
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy and white
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings;
How he trembles, with crest up lifted,
And he shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright, black eyes, so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain,
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald, bleak skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowded,
That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temple round.

—W. W. STORREY.

—Miss Clara Gottschalk, on her return to London, says *Watson's Art Journal*, was the recipient of a most flattering and valuable testimonial of her personal and professional worth. The present was a magnificent Erard Grand Piano-forte, and was presented to her by her friends and pupils, as a proof of friendship and admiration.

Our Special Contributors.

PEN PICTURES OF LADY JOURNALISTS.

CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR

In justice to a friend who kindly furnished me with the facts contained in the sketch of this matchless woman, and to redeem the promise made to furnish you "Pen Pictures of Lady Journalists," I feel it my duty to make this acknowledgment, and claim for myself only the pleasure it gives me to arrange and publish.

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Charlotte Beebe was the youngest of two daughters, the only children of a New England clergyman, a man of culture and scholarly attainments. The daily experience of her perfectly united parents, was the living out of that religion which proclaims love to be the "Fulfilling of the Law."

In this refined and harmonious home atmosphere, Charlotte developed a more purely intellectual life than is common even with children of corresponding natural powers. Though very bashful, and suffering dreadfully—as all religiously educated children are liable to—from self-depreciation, her pride and ambition helped her to overcome these drawbacks sufficiently to give expression to the demands of her genius. At eleven she wrote and helped to enact dialogues at the Sunday School exhibitions. She was also a contributor to a Sunday School paper published in Boston, for which service she received the paper one year, and once a silver fifty cent-piece as remuneration for her work. Dr. Beebe favored reform, and often entertained radical people at their hospitable home in Ipswich, Mass.; among others Henry C. Wright, and when Charlotte was six years old, she attended the lectures of the Misses Grimké, in her father's church. They were the first women she ever heard speak from the platform, and she thought the present Mrs. Theodore Weld "an angel." When about nine years of age, her father took her with him to see Margaret Fuller, and upon evincing some interest in the conversation, Margaret laid her hand on her dark luxuriant curls, and said: "O little girl, don't try to think. You are too young to be a philosopher." But neither the tender hand of recognition, nor the judgement of the self-elected, and self-sufficient villagers who saw only a strange weird creature in the possessor of those wonderful eyes and still more extraordinary hair, could check the workings of that intense brain, which was organized and set going for that very purpose. Her ambition was to be a "Missionary to the Heathen." A service in which she has been steadily engaged since childhood, though I never knew her to send red-flannel shirts to the "King of Cannibal Islands," nor "Moral pocket-handkerchiefs" to the President of the United States. Her first labor in this direction began at the age of twelve, at Gloucester, Cape Ann, where she was then living. The ignor-

ance of the children of the poor fishermen so appealed to her to whom knowledge seemed the *only* desirable thing, that she induced her father to allow her to open a school for their instruction, which she began with thirty children, many of them older than herself. This work continued up to the time of the removal of the family to the vicinity of Boston where they lived for several years. She attended Theodore Parker's meetings, and developed a strong liking for lyceums, conventions, lectures, and all sorts of public meetings; and societies for the amelioration of the conditions of suffering humanity.

The death of her idolized father left her in her fifteenth year, a defenseless girl-woman "unskilled in all the arts and wiles that worldlings prize." Conquering together her shy, shrinking nature, and the bitterness of this her first grief, she applied the limited means at her command to arming herself for the conflict in which knowledge is said to be all powerful, by devoting two years to the completion of her school duties, and though her radical tendencies caused her to question the authority of the learned Doctors, or the writers of the text-books, which often ended the recitation in a warm discussion between herself and the teachers, she stood at the head of her classes in a large school of both sexes. After leaving school she was one year in Hartford, doing some newspaper work, and finally accepted the position of principal of a large school in New York State.

The death of her only sister—after dreadful months of watching and caretaking while the "Lamp of Life" burned lower and lower 'till finally quenched—aroused her soul to an old-time desire to "Preach a new gospel to old believers," which "New Gospel" was spiritual or spiritism. She made her debut as a lecturer while yet in her teens, in Hartford, Conn., before a large audience. Subject, "Indications of a spiritual world," and from her subsequent experiences it is evident that her time had come for philosophizing. Her logical deductions, combined with a higher inspiration, attracted the attention of thinking minds everywhere, while her brilliant conversational powers made her a welcome and honored guest at the homes of some of the most distinguished people of the time.

Theodore Parker returned the compliment which she had paid to him in her early years, not only by attending her lectures in Boston, but by expressing his admiration for her genius. This was the beginning of an arduous life, for she accepted calls to lecture or preach in all the principal cities; before lyceums and in churches—from Boston to New Orleans, and from Chicago and St. Louis to Baltimore, visiting all the larger towns and cities, many times; and staying from one night to three months in a place. At the earnest request of those who know their value, she has recently sent to press a collection of sermons and lectures upon various

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themes. With the results of this labor, Charlotte bought herself some very good clothes, and put a good "hantle-o-siller" in bank, made hosts of friends, and was never scandalized by the newspapers.

The shelf containing the record of her lecture experiences can justly be labelled success. It is but just to remark, that the crop of "Dragons Teeth" which has since sprung up, in the shape of "penny-a-li-ars," and female "reporters"—so called—who define *report* improving the opportunity for venting their petty personal pique and envy upon their superiors—had not then been sown.

While yet a teacher, during a visit at the home of George Burleigh, the poet, she met Charles Edwin Wilbour, then a student at "Brown University." They became friends, and began their literary work together, by studying Italian, and translating a volume of enigmas and charades. After an engagement of five years Charles finally persuaded "Lottie Beebe" that the longest and strongest lecture that she could deliver was not too much for an audience of one, so that *one* were himself. He evidently knew what was good for him. Her lecture career closed with a full house in the largest hall in Providence; but the next day when the Rev. Dr. Wayland was performing the ceremony which was to add Wilbour to her name, and introduce her to a new phase of life, she could not be made to hear when he wanted her to promise to obey, though he repeated it for her benefit. It was evident that she had only abdicated one throne to ascend another. She became the mother of, and piloted safely through the perilous border land of infancy, and opening childhood, four beautiful gifted children. Though endowed with an extraordinary perception of and adaptation to the responsibilities of motherhood, feeble health, and these accumulating cares only served to widen her sympathies and render her more constant in her charities, most especially during the war. She not only belonged to various societies for the relief of the needy, but there was no end to the calls upon her heart and purse from the soldier's hospital opposite her house.

She spared no effort to relieve the destitute families of those who had given their all to the service of their country. She is essentially a worker. Mr. Wilbour was engaged on the *Tribune* at the time of their marriage, and she rendered him all the assistance possible in his translating and other literary work. With the money which he recognized as her share of the earnings, she purchased the house in which they have lived for several years. They have accumulated a valuable library, and filled the house with that refined comfort which constitutes a home. Her activities as a hostess are endless, and I might enlarge upon the artistic taste which ever seeks to throw around the hum-drum details of life, a romantic or dramatic air which helps one to realize petted ideals. She it was who gave the first "Valentine Party" with every possible honor to that agreeable and welcome saint.

She has always possessed a peculiar power for inspiring work and thought in others, and the newspaper pirates find her excellent prey. Accumulating wealth and more leisure have been gladly used to enlarge her sphere of usefulness. She is pursued and harassed by charities. In this she has been generously seconded by Mr. Wilbour. He was in all things her

faithful ally until he became disgusted with seeing the woman whom he most honored, wearied and worn by efforts for others which seemed to bring injustice and misrepresentation when he withdrew his allegiance from several espoused reforms. But *her* share of the work is a moral obligation which she settles for herself. Knowing that the wheels of progress are indefinitely blocked until the last miserable representative human shall conclude to take up the "line of march," she is unceasing in her efforts to rouse and encourage the listless and good for nothing; and hold the struggling ones up to their martyrdom and their work.

The great underlying purpose to which she has been for years devotedly consecrated is the cause of woman. It was with the hope of uniting scattered forces in a movement purely educational, that she, with two others first began the work which resulted in the formation of the club now known as "Sorosia." A few people have labored to give "Sorosia," a ridiculously untrue newspaper notoriety, but under this mask of misconception it has moved steadily onward in its proposed labors—not of building lunatic asylums, nor of humanizing the Sioux Indians; but of showing women the excellence of that growth, which helps them to overcome dastardly principles, and respect individuality of mind and attainments. That this combination exists to-day, is owing more to Charlotte B. Wilbour's wisdom and patience, and ever-ready purse, than to any other one influence. While others have been pursuing avocations more personal to themselves, or restfully sleeping, she has often and again wrestled with fierce consuming physical agony, wringing from the great source of inspiration, light, and wisdom to guide her counsels with those who were gathered together, taking courage and strength by the way. Happily for "Sorosia," there were a sufficient number of members who recognized her fitness for the position to make her its *first president elected by ballot*.

The dignity and quiet grace with which she presides; the impartiality with which she listens to all discussions, and the orderliness, and rapidity with which she dispatches business, prove her most admirably fitted for the position. She has taught all her children to ride like the wind, mounted on a four legged demon; and escorted by a handsome scholarly man, she may be often met in "Central Park," at the head of their small troop of cavalry. The youngest, a girl of five, rides a miniature South American horse. Wee beastie, and his scrap of a rider look as though they had just scampered out from fairy-land.

Hers is a happy and united family, enjoying the rationale of life as those only can, who have their skulls stocked with brains.

Beginning with one, I close with the twain in one, multiplied by four, for they are not to be parted. In her beautiful home is her throne set up, and these promising young lives are her crown of rejoicing and pride.

Hither come not only tried and true friends, bidden by her "on hospitable thoughts intent," sunning themselves in her wit and worth, but day by day the unfortunate and erring, the sorrowful and despairing, seek that patient sympathy and aid which never fails. The years touch her lightly as they pass, softening her beauty with that tender

grace which can only come to one possessed of a disciplined mind and heart. Heroic in danger, raging against injustice—scenting the battle from afar off, loyal to friend, devoted to the truth, she is neither angel nor godless, but a brave and true hearted woman.

VINES.

BY AUNT NANCY.

Washington Irving it was, I believe, who wrote a very pretty story about the oak and the vine, in which he expressed his idea of what a woman ought to be, and for which he received the applause of an admiring public.

Now, I have my own private views of your female vine. They are the views of a blunt, out-spoken old woman, who looks straight through her glasses, instead of through the rose-color of poetry, and sees things as they are; and it's my private opinion publicly expressed, that the female vine is a nuisance. She is a kind of walking incubus—a peripatetic nightmare. With all due deference to Washington Irving, who, evolved his from his own consciousness, and mixed her up with a little weak moonshine, I don't think he ever met the living creature; she never asked him to carry her bundles, or run on her errands, or look after her children, or rectify her mistakes, and help her think and breathe every minute of her life, else, being a bachelor, he would have clutched his hat and carpet-bag and rushed off to a safe retreat, where he could have warned the world in security against this clinging, helpless, unscrupulous style of creature.

I almost wish the delightful author of the Sketch Book had met Laura Lovering early in life, for I think it would have saved the world one precious piece of twaddle.

Laura is Mary's sister; and how two girls so utterly different could have grown up in the same family is quite incomprehensible. Laura was a beauty, and she very early learned that her sole mission in this world was to look well, and that there was not the slightest need of instilling the twentieth part of an idea into her empty little cranium, because men shudder at clever women, or even if they admire such, will always choose a wife from among the foolish virgins. So she became a human female vine with thousands of wants and no talent for satisfying them for herself, with a propensity for dropping down upon and clinging about everybody, and sapping the life and strength of those around her.

This was all very well when Laura was young and beautiful, with hosts of admirers. In those days I well recollect she was the most tiresome and upsetting creature in the world to her own sex, jealously reserving every charm and fascination for her male captives, who delighted in her helplessness, dependence, and ignorance, so long as they were the accompaniments of a pretty face. Now, alas! that the beauty is departing, and the face is growing lined with such marks as shallow selfishness and vanity always bring; now that the emptiness of an uncultured mind and heart are writing their tell-tale secrets upon the cheek and forehead in spite of the arts of the toilet, which Laura understands so well—the artistic little pencillings at the corners of the eyes; the slight infusion of dangerous drugs that make a faded complexion look clear for the time being—in spite of all these things, the fact now is plain that Laura Love-

ing is a female incubus, somebody has always got to carry about.

Deliver me from the woman who has the traditions of a youth of beauty to fall back upon. "Has beens" of all kinds are to be shunned, but your "has been belle" is the worst of the class.

Laura's husband, "poor Mr. Lovering," as she is pleased to call him, and I think the term a happy one, died some years ago, leaving her what she has since been—a migratory widow with three or four ungoverned, turbulent children. When this little colony moves in at the door, domestic comfort is very apt to fly out of the window.

Not long ago Mary received a highly-scented pink note, rather badly spelled, the perusal of which caused her face to lengthen perceptibly.

"Laura is coming with her children to visit us," said she at last, while James watched her face anxiously as he gave the coal fire two or three impatient pokes.

"I should think Laura had better stay at home with the children at this time of year," said James, rather gloomily. "It isn't safe to bring them on a journey. They're always catching some disease or other. Couldn't you write and point out to her that its very risky?"

"I'm afraid it would have no influence," sighed Mary. "Laura is very set in her ways, and allows nothing to interfere with her plans." "Bob," she added, "you will have to move up on the fourth floor, and let your aunt Laura take your room for the children."

"Hang it!" exclaimed Bob. "Aunt Laura upsets everybody. I feel the minute she gets into the house like a Bedouin, and never know where I am going to sleep from one night to the other."

"Look here!" said James, pulling himself up out of the slough of despondency, "Doctor Marsh told me this morning there had been a case of small pox 'round in the next street. Hadn't you better let Laura know? It wouldn't be right to have her kept in the dark about it."

"I don't think Laura is afraid of small pox," returned Mary, "and all the children have been vaccinated."

There was a blank pause, and then Grace broke out in despair, "Oh, mamma, I asked Pink Mayhew to come and pay me a visit next week, and own I shall have to put her off on account of aunt Laura."

Aunt Laura's near advent had fallen like a wet blanket on the entire establishment. The usually merry circle around the parlor fire looked as if an east wind had suddenly afflicted their tempers. James grew as cross as two sticks and these were the premonitory symptoms of aunt Laura.

The next morning, however, the master of the establishment descended to the dining-room in high feather. Richard was himself again. He had cooked up over night one of those unselfish little plans by which men are enabled to keep clear of disagreeables.

There are some things a man can't say to his wife, especially when he wishes to criticize her relations. At such moments a sister comes in handy.

"I'm going to Washington and Richmond on business," he remarked now, turning to me. "It's very lucky I happened to remember it; I couldn't stand that Laura Lovering. That woman would knock me up in less than a week, I declare to you she would."

He was so florid, and well fed, and stood so squarely on his legs, the idea of his being knocked up by a woman made me smile. So, I rather wickedly remarked, "I thought you liked that style of woman James. You know she isn't a bit strong-minded."

"Like her," spluttered James, "why, she's a fool and a nuisance; but, of course, I don't want to hurt Mary's feelings."

"Oh," said I, "men like folly, and vanity, and helplessness in women, only when they're young and fresh. They don't improve with age like wine. Do they James? It makes no difference how silly or selfish a girl is while she has pink cheeks and bright eyes, and a nicely rounded form; but these charms departed presto! she is simply unendurable."

OBITUARY.

BY MRS. GOODRICK WILLARD.

Died, in Chicago, Dec. 28th, 1870, Mrs. Sarah R. Hathaway, M. D., aged 52. It belongs to some one better acquainted with her history than myself to write a narrative of the very active and useful life of Mrs. Hathaway. But as I am perhaps better acquainted with the events of the last few months than any other person, it is due to her memory that I write a short obituary.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. H. was in the summer of 1868, when she was on a visit to Chicago. She was several weeks in my house, and I then learned how deeply and how truly her heart was interested in all the great reforms of the day. She told me that when she was a young girl, working fourteen hours a day in the Lowell factories, she got up the first petition to shorten the hours of labor, that was ever sent to any legislative body, and for this reason, may she not be said to have started the labor movement in this country?

After working fourteen hours in the hot air of the mill, she used to wrap her thin shawl about her and go from house to house in the cold night air of the winter evenings, to get signers to her ten hour petition, often meeting with ridicule and rebuffs from those who ought to have been its best friends. Very few girls would have persevered as she did at that day, and under such circumstances. Those who are acquainted with the history of that period will remember that her petition obtained a respectful hearing before the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Knowing how deeply and how truly Mrs. H. was interested in the labor movement, and in the woman's movement, I sent for her last spring to come to Chicago and assist me in bringing about, if possible, some co-operative or sympathetic action between these two movements. She answered my call, and arrived here in very poor health, about the first of June. Her condition, and the extreme heat of the weather prevented us from engaging in any very active work, but through the summer her health was constantly improving.

Learning that there was to be a Congressional session of the National Labor Union in Cincinnati in August, we concluded that the best thing to be done was to attend this Congress to encourage and help the labor movement, and consult with its leading men, and get an expression of their opinions and feelings toward the woman's movement. The result was very satisfactory to us, and I believe

it was to the labor party. I believe that good to both movements will grow out of this action.

About this time the papers gave us an account of the action of the municipal authorities in St. Louis, and also in Cincinnati, with regard to licensing and regulating the "social evil." Mrs. Hathaway and myself thought and talked much upon this subject. She thought that something ought to be done to counteract the growing tendency to legalize prostitution in this country. Mrs. Hathaway's experience as a physician had brought her much in contact with the terrible effects of this evil and she had long felt that it was her duty to take some decided action against it. About the first of September, after one of our long talks upon this subject one evening, Mrs. Hathaway came to me early next morning and said: "Mrs. Willard I could not sleep last night; I see only a step between myself and the grave. I cannot die with a clear conscience until I make my protest against the social evil, and if I am ever going to do it, I must do it now. If you will help me, I will take the responsibility of getting up a meeting for this purpose." She said this with much energy and decision, and I knew that it meant work as far as she would be able to carry it out.

After visiting and consulting with the friends of social purity, it was decided to get up a private meeting. A room was obtained in the Clark St. Methodist church, and over fifty invitations were sent out and nearly that number were present at the first meeting. Six or eight very interesting meetings were held, which resulted in the formation of a "society for the promotion of social purity, which, at this time, is about issuing its prospectus, and taking other steps to bring itself into working order before the public. And this was the last work of Mrs. Hathaway. Blessed are the dead who die in the work of the Lord.

Mrs. Hathaway was sick about eight weeks. Her disease was complicated, and she suffered much; but for three or four days before she died, she was free from pain, and her death was peaceful and happy.

Those who knew her best loved her for the sincerity of her friendship, and for her honest, faithful devotion to the cause of human rights and human progress.

I have learned that a short sketch of Mrs. Hathaway's life has been written by a Mrs. or Miss Holloway, and was published in Chicago in the *Agitator* edited by Mrs. Livermore. It was written and published as the life of Mrs. Young, the name of the husband of Mrs. Hathaway, from whom she obtained a divorce.

If Mrs. or Miss Holloway, or any other person will send me this sketch, or tell me how I can get it, I shall be greatly obliged.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocosine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.

—Blonde hair costs \$25 an ounce.

Notes About Women.

—The ideas of one age are the institutions of the next.

—The stand-point of the tired sewing girl.—The ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferryboat.

—Mrs. Disraeli is sixteen years older than her husband.

—Mrs. Yelverton has purchased a farm in Missouri for her permanent residence.

—The standpoint of the old lady.—The ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferryboat.

—Miss Mary L. Booth is the author of twenty-seven volumes, most of them translations.

—Bertha Davis is the last accession to the ranks of the anti-woman's rights lecturers. She hails from Rochester.

—Miss D. Posey is principal of Union City School, Ohio, at a salary of \$1,000 a year, the same that the male principal receives.

—The stand-point of the sick peregrinating woman.—The ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferryboat.

—Fostoria, Ohio, has had a lady druggist for the last four years.—Mrs. M. Schuyler, a niece of Prof. Schuyler, of Berea, Ohio.

—Miss Helen Beech, in Trindlay, Ohio, owns a large livery establishment, and keeps the best boarding-house in the city.

—Reconstruction cannot succeed without arming all classes with the ballot, whereby they can protect themselves against wrong.

—The *Watchman and Reflector* thinks women physicians are pre-eminently needed at our female seminaries.

—A dispatch from Paris says that city has been transformed into a battle-field, in which the women show themselves as brave as the men!

—The stand-point of the woman and her baby.—The ladies' cabin of the Brooklyn ferryboat.

—Mrs. Stetson is the latest accession to the lecture platform, and her subject is the "Man of Force."

—Miss Anna Dickinson presented Fechter with a pair of sleeve-buttons on the occasion of his benefit.

—Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, sister to Philip Barton Key, killed by Sickles, is giving readings at Homburg, Germany.

—A lady poet of Buffalo asserts that she has buried her love "on the stormy strand of the deep dark ocean of mad despair."

—Opera in Paris is given with a stage lighted by candles, and ladies are requested to come in high dresses of dark colors.

—How potent is the omnipresent baby! A train backed a third of a mile, the other day, and stopped to recover a portmanteau thrown from the car window by a sweet little prattler.

—To talk of women neglecting babies for politics is trash. What man gets political eminence before forty? By that age a woman's babies are grown.

How many men gain political position? Are more women likely to gain it than men? If so, would not single women be better employed thus than in gossip?

—Miss Anna Dickinson's annual income from lecturing for the last seven years has averaged \$7,000. Her profits last season reached \$13,000.

Too Bad!—Why was the ferry-line over the river Styx better than the Brooklyn ferries? Because there is no Char-on the boat for a tired woman.

—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday, January 24, 1871.

—The second annual meeting of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Concord on Wednesday and Thursday, January 25 and 26, 1871, at Eagle Hall.

—The eighth monthly Conference of the Essex County Woman Suffrage Association was held on the evening of January 5th, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, Roseville.

—Alexandre Dumas' daughter, who is a model of piety, has written a letter to M. Veuillet, of the *Unicere*, in which she calls him "dear apostle," and informs him that her father died a Catholic, after having received the last sacraments.

—A woman in Newark, N. J., supports a husband and five children on half an acre of land, by raising roots and flowers, and has purchased two houses with the surplus profits.

—It is reported in London, and also at Washington, that Gen. Phil Sheridan will be married on his return from Europe, to Miss Bessie Law, one of the belles of Zanesville, Ohio.

—A Swedish preacher who studied thirteen years at different colleges, is serving a congregation at \$350 a year. He says his wife can earn twice as much by sewing as he can by preaching.

—Mrs. Myra Bradwell, editor of the Chicago *Legal News*, has so far recovered from her lingering illness of several months past, as to be able to resume her place in the editorial sanctum.

—Mrs. T. M. Ritchell, formerly a teacher in Cold Water, Michigan, is now in Ohio engaged in a branch of commercial business, and is receiving \$3,000 a year, which is slightly different from getting \$30 per month, and boarding one's self out of it.

—Miss Belle Smith of Indiana has just completed for the Washington Common Council a life-size, full-length portrait of Secretary Stanton, that is pronounced by many to be the best likeness of the great War Minister yet painted.

—An exchange says: I believe Miss Rom's is not only the very best representation of Abraham Lincoln yet produced, which would be no praise, but that it will remain one of, if not the best representations that the cunning hand and quickening imagination of an artist will ever produce of the great emancipator.

—We will send THE REVOLUTION for 1871 to a y person who can supply us with all the numbers of our paper for 1870. Any one having the full file for the past year, which he or she would be willing to dispose of in this manner will confer a favor by notifying the editor as soon as possible.

—A call is made for female rights lecturers among the Chanchos of South America, who won't eat women, insisting that it isn't as good as man.

This is the first time we ever heard women were not better calculated to be made game of than men.

—A courageous lady, named Tile, saved the life and property of her husband, at Philadelphia, a few nights since, by putting a burglar to flight after he had made the husband insensible with chloroform.

—Miss Marion V. Churchill, of the editorial staff of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, has received and accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before the next annual meeting of the Wisconsin Editorial Association.

—At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Miss S. C. Gardner has made such timely discoveries of fires, and has rendered assistance thereat so coolly and efficiently, that the City Council is about to appoint her Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

—A young German lady, Miss Hedwig Knude, from Coblenz, who displayed great bravery in nursing the wounded on the recent battle-fields, sometimes in the midst of the fighting, has been decorated with the Iron Cross by King William, and appointed Superintendent of the hospital, at Versailles.

—Women will rejoice that as the result of her talk, Olive Logan is now able to buy a \$25,000 mansion near Fifth avenue. Anna Dickinson is getting rich. Susan B. Anthony makes money and spends it. Mrs. Anna T. Randall is soon to build herself a home on the Hudson.

—The Glasgow Daily Mail in a criticism of two lectures on woman suffrage, delivered in that city by Miss Emily Faithfull and Miss Taylour, while highly commending both, gives the palm to Miss Faithfull, and remarks:

In case, in fulness of tone, in compression of style, and directness of appeal, Miss Faithfull had the advantage.

—Mrs. C. V. Waite of Chicago, has been doing good service to the woman suffrage cause in Illinois, in the course of her recent tour through the southern part of the state, lecturing and assisting in the organization of suffrage societies, arousing the people to a sense of the importance of the question of woman's enfranchisement.

—The Brooklyn Union while commenting on the rumor that Cyrus P. Smith, Managing Director of the Ferry Company favors the appointment of policewomen to secure the rights of women on the boats, says that "A police-woman is the supreme realization of Woman's Rights, ranking with firewomen, sailor-girls, and female soldiers."

—The Elmira Gazette has had an attack—how alarming can be gathered from the following extract:

Clara Louise sang in Titusville last night. Like the smooth, unctuous trickling of the oleaginous commodity from a hundred barrel well, were the liquid, oily notes of the bediamonded Kellogg to the enraptured Titusvillers.

—We have received a letter from the editor of the Beaufort Republican, of Beaufort, S. C., stating that he wishes to employ a lady compositor, and will give steady work and good pay. Any one wishing to apply for the place can address G. W. Johnson, manager of the Port Royal Printing Company, Beaufort, S. C.

—The measure to allow women to vote in the District of Columbia was introduced by Mr. Julian, who moved to strike the word "male" from the sixth section of the District bill, on the 20th of January, and was lost by a vote of 55 to 117. Although the Tribune goes out of its way to declare that many who voted yes did so on the experiment principle, having no "bowels of compassion" for the people of the District. We are fain to congratulate ourselves on the very respectable number of our friends in Congress.

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—Fanny Fern says a good thing about Boston is "that ladies can go to the public places evenings alone or in couples, even if John or Tom don't want to go or are away from home. It ought to be so everywhere; but in New York, where people go out from their own doors, and are sometimes never heard of afterwards, and for the matter of that go into their own doors and are never seen alive afterwards, it is a risky undertaking."

—Miss Fannie R. Sprague, of Newark, Ohio, has for a long time been cultivating the phonic art, with a view of becoming a reporter, and thus supporting herself. Although her father is wealthy and has steadily opposed her schemes for self-support, she has at last triumphed over parental opposition, and is now the most popular of the the Cincinnati *Commercial's* corps of reporters. She is withal a most estimable young lady, and will honor the profession which she has chosen.

—A strong and able letter from The Iowa Peace Society to Congress, of which we have received a copy, is signed by the Governor of the State, and the Presidents of the Iowa Wesleyan University, and Simpson College, by professors of several institutions of learning, and several of the most prominent clergymen of the State, and by a number of women of eminence.

—The principal adverse criticism made on Miss Ream's statue is, that there is a want of harmony between the action of the figure and the expression of the countenance. The attitude is that of handing a document—the Emancipation proclamation—to an imaginary multitude of slaves; this would seem to necessitate an expression of recognition and interest in the face, lit momentarily with the glow of a great and beneficent deed, whereas the idea conveyed is that of sad retrospection, which was Lincoln's expression in perfect repose. The face is said to lack the play of life and emotion.

—The Chicago *Times* offers gratis the following elegant and choice advice:

We would advise the female suffragists to drop some of their long, lank, scrawny, short-haired, knock-kneed and spectacled associates, and try to interest some of the pretty women in the movement. This will go further with Congress than all the rest.

Our Chicago brother (if he is a man and a brother) evidently has not been in good society, and does not know that Anna Dickinson is handsome. Those who bemoan Anna's want of logic admit that fact, having better natural gifts for perceiving her beauty than for feeling the force of her arguments. Miss Phoebe Cousins, of St. Louis, is unmistakably good-looking. Don Piatt says so, and he is supposed to be a judge. Mrs. Stanton is the perfection of fine and gracious matronhood, and no one ever yet saw her wear an unbecoming color or outré garment. Who can point out a better specimen of ripened and matured loveliness, with that indescribable harmony of hue and costume, than Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis? Of tall and stately women noticeable in any company, Mrs. Burleigh and Mrs. Wilbour can be cited. For sweet, lovable faces we would point to Mrs. Mary F. Davis and Mrs. Phoebe Hannaford. None of these women are "lank, scrawny, or spectacled." These are but a few examples chosen from the ranks, and we are quite willing to compare our women suffragists, on the score of personal attractions, with any other body of women in the land.

—At the recent meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, in Boston, Mrs. Wright read a letter detailing the earnest endeavors of a poor crippled girl in New Hampshire to do something for the cause. She cut off her beautiful hair and sold it for \$7, which she gave to the tract society. A cone basket, the result of long and painful labor on her part, she offered to the cause of missions. At the desire of many ladies, this basket was passed around in the church that they might fill it with offerings, and nearly \$100 was thus collected.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, after delivering a lecture at Romeo, Mich. recently, spent Sunday in the place, and attended the church of a Rev. Mr. Ladd, who showed himself opposed to St. Paul's doctrine that women should keep silence in the churches, by inviting Mrs. Stanton, after the usual services, to speak to his congregation. She accepted the invitation and delivered a lay sermon of great pith and power, in which she enforced the duty and dignity of woman, claiming the same position for women in church and state which men now hold, and asserting that the religion and politics of the country need the influence of the feminine element to give more warmth to our devotions at the altar, and greater honesty in the administration of national affairs.

The spiritual condition of the town of Romeo must be eminently healthy.

—Christine Nilsson has for a second time assisted her colonized countrymen here to build a church, singing on Christmas day in an Illinois village of three or four thousand inhabitants. Vieuxtemps, Brignoli, Verger and the duenna Bosini accompanied her, and it was a truly delightful affair. As the high price of the tickets shut out many poor Swedes from the regular concert, these people, at Nilsson's suggestion, were gathered in another hall, where she gave them a special concert afterward. The people crowded around her at its close and greeted her in her native tongue. She knelt on the plain board floor and kissed all the children, and greeted, among others, a Swedish woman who came forward with a tremble on her lips, for she had been a playmate of Christine's twenty years ago in Smoland, where they bore fagots together from the woods.

—Mrs. Jex Blake, the other day, told some unpalatable truths to the Lord Provost and members of the Royal Infirmary. She said:

"When I first came to Edinburgh, nearly two years ago, I made it my business to call on most of the professors and leading medical men. I was received, (with very few exceptions) with the utmost personal courtesy though, of course, sometimes with disagreement from my own views; but there were exceptions. I called on Prof. Laycock. I left his house in perfect agreement with him on one point, and only one—that no woman who respected herself had better enter his class-room."

Repeating a charge of intoxication made against the assistant of Dr. Christison, the latter gentleman flew into a passion, whereupon the lady remarked: "I did not say he was intoxicated; I said I was told he was. The Lord Provost: Withdraw the word 'intoxicated.'" Miss Jex Blake: I said it was the only excuse for his conduct. If Dr. Christison prefers that I should say he used the language when sober, I will withdraw the other supposition. [Laughter.]

If anything can batter down the old foggyism of Edinburgh University, it will be the artillery of wit and ridicule Mrs. Jex Blake has at command.

—Some Jenkins thus ventilates his opinion of the girl of the period:

Take her by the hand, and instantly a dampening influence creeps over your being, for, instead of the pulsating throb of a warm, generous nature, you have grasped the cold, lifeless hand of a deliberating and decaying remnant of what was once a mass of electricity and fascination. Let this poor, emaciated creature take your arm for a walk, and you feel as if you had a dish-rag hanging in the crook of your elbow.

—There is now on exhibition at Chaus' Fine Art Gallery, No. 749 Broadway, a charming picture, the property of Charlotte Cushman, painted for her by Elizabeth Jerichau. The subject is taken from life. It represents in the foreground two Norwegian peasant girls in their native costume, and in the dim light of the background of the picture is the interior of a church, filled with staid-looking Lutherans. The coloring is gorgeous and quite characteristic, the drawing is true to nature, and the picture, in its entirety, is worthy of the pencil of one of the first amongst living artists. Elizabeth Jerichau is a Pole by birth, and is the wife of the great Danish sculptor, Herr Jerichau, the man who revived the glories of ancient art in his superb group in marble named the "Grecian Hunter."

—Mrs. Bullard's many friends will be gratified to learn that her own health, and that of her parents, with whom she is travelling, is rapidly improving. The weather on the continent, she writes, has been thus far detestable. For forty days the sky refused to clear, and she is now in the eager quest of sunshine. The latest news of her comes from Florence, where her party purposed remaining until the overflow of the Tiber should subside, and enable them to proceed to Rome. Mrs. Bullard gives cheering accounts of the progress of our cause in England, as can be gathered from the interesting articles she has, in the hurry of travel, been able to send us, and which have successively occupied the leading editorial columns. THE REVOLUTION has warm friends on the other side. We published recently an admirable paper on realities from the pen of the Hon. P. A. Taylor, member of parliament, and the sworn friend of John Bright. We hope for other contributions from the same source, and are also pleased to inform the readers of THE REVOLUTION that Mrs. E. M. King, one of the most courageous female reformers in England, has promised to furnish us with occasional articles, the first of which will appear in our next issue.

—The *Independent* of January 19th contains a very suggestive and interesting account of the French professional schools for women, from the pen of Frances E. Willard. The original school at Paris numbered six pupils, and has now expanded to take in several hundred. The school has been endowed, and is maintained by charity, and the pupils pay a tuition fee of two dollars per month. The courses of study cover three years, and comprise the essentials of a fair common and scientific education, including, besides the English language, industrial drawing, and water-colors, painting on ivory, lithographic drawing, engraving on wood, painting on porcelain, dress and cloak-making, and plain sewing. Upon the completion of the course a committee is charged with the duty of finding places for pupils, and making contracts between employer and employee. The president of this admirable institution is Mme. Jules Simon, wife of the philanthropist.

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Our Mail Bag.

THE LONDON LETTER.

VICTORIA PRESS, Jan. 4th, 1871.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

I must now send you off tidings of our last discussion meeting, at which Dr. Brewer, M. P., took the chair, and though Monday was virtually New Year's night, yet a very good audience was obtained for a paper read by M. Hoskins, B. A., on *Female Education*. I will give you an abstract which appeared next day in the *Morning Post*:

Mr. James Hoskins said that the instruction at most girls' schools was miserably superficial. Far too much time was spent on accomplishments, and even these were not taught scientifically. They could not wonder that such was the case when the teachers themselves had never had the benefit of a thorough mental training and when the exclusion of women from all the professions except literature, and not a few branches of industry, held back parents from giving their daughters a good education, for the simple reason that there was no immediate pecuniary inducement. They could not send the heads of seminaries to school again, but they could give them the political franchise, itself an educational instrument of the highest value; they could make a girl's education prospective by throwing open all employments hitherto monopolized by men; they could secure guarantees of fitness in educators by recommending the university authorities to confer their degrees on all ladies who had passed in several subjects at the various local examinations. Besides the various local examinations they were very thankful for the opportunities of intellectual culture given to women in such admirable institutions as the Alexandra and Queen's Colleges in Ireland, and Hitchin College near Cambridge. The question of university reform could not be settled so long as women were not allowed to put down their names for the various examinations and fellowship competitions. He rejoiced that a few ladies from Hitchin had passed the Cambridge "little go." The difficulties in the way of their residing were such as an upholsterer could easily solve, for there was no sensible reason why they should not enter as non-collegiate students, or even in halls founded for the purpose. Naturally some people at first would raise the cry of "the country is going to ruin, young men will waste their time in love-making," &c. To this attack he replied by anticipation—Innocent flirtations were by no means the worst kind of youthful dissipation; that, so far from wasting their time in stupid frivolities, girl students would set their male friends a splendid example of steady industry, single-minded devotion to their work, economic prudence, and attention to the service at college chapels. The moral atmosphere of the universities would improve in a marked degree. With regard to the principle of the mixed education of the sexes in the lower, middle, and upper ranks of society, he said that if boys and girls from early childhood frequented the same schools, or at least, lost no opportunity of constantly meeting each other at all seasons of the year, as they grow older they would have less difficulty in forming and retaining habits of self-control than if, as too often happened, they were scrupulously kept apart. In the course of the discussion which followed, Miss Faithful argued that in the matter of education there was no arbitrary standard up to which women must come, or at which they should stop. If the promoters of female education would only shelve the fruitless dissensions in which so many of them indulged, and consent to let men and women follow their own nature freely, all would develop their own congenial excellence, and the self-adjusting balance of humanity would really not be disturbed. She was not inclined to relax in the least her claim for the intellectual education of women, and no one could suppose that she was indifferent to their industrial training, both as regarded remunerative employments and the proper care of households, for she was at this moment engaged in efforts which would, she trusted, materially help in both directions. The education of a woman depended not so much upon what she learned as upon how she learned it. There was no education worthy of the name which was not right in its methods as well as in its results, and which did not aim far more at drilling the faculties and awakening thought than at the teaching of facts, and Miss Nightingale might well say that three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arose from their accepting themselves from the rules of training con-

sidered needful for men. Amongst the other speakers was a lady from Prussia, who explained the superior female educational system of that country. The Rev. L. Bevan, L. L. D., Dr. Wylde, and Dr. Drysdale also addressed the meeting. Dr. Brewer, in closing the debate, suggested that we were altogether overrating the advantages of the married condition, and the result was far too little prudence and forethought, especially amongst the poorer classes. In a very earnest speech, the Hon. member argued that one of the great things to teach girls was self-reliance. On the motion of Sir John Murray, seconded by Mrs. Johnston Robertson, votes of thanks were given to the chairman and lecturer.

I had hoped that Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell would have spoken at this meeting, but fear my letter miscarried, as I have received no answer to it. The news of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett's approaching marriage to a Mr. Anderson of Morpeth, seems to surprise everyone; for my own part, I take it as a practical proof of an assertion I have continually made, both in public and private, that the fear that a successful professional career will disincline women to marry when the right man presents himself, is an utterly foolish one. The power of earning their bread, or of maintaining independent positions may, and I trust will keep, women from marrying from mere motives of the lowest kind of self-interest; but it will never prevent the growth of that love upon which alone a marriage is justifiable.

Miss Lydia Becker's suffrage journal has just come to hand; it is likely to interest all its readers, but only records work done by those who are fortunate enough to secure the editor's personal regard, which I venture to say is a very grave mistake in a leader of a public movement, but women have yet much to learn, both in the way of justice and generosity. The journal in question contains an excellent summary, however, respecting the School Board Elections, and tells us that Miss Ricketts headed the poll at Brighton. It also gives a good report of Miss T aylour's lectures in Scotland, which appear to have been very successful. I was staying at Dumfries with Provost Harkness, an old friend of Miss T aylour's, who gave a very enthusiastic account (in which his daughters joined) of her fluency of speech and excellent delivery, together with the single-heartedness of her devotion to the cause. I had a letter from Miss Harkness this morning in which she gives a good report of the results of my lecture in the Dumfries Mechanics' Institute, about which there had been some controversy, for I totally refused to leave out the question of suffrage for women, and several of the leading people belonging to the Institution took fright at the subject accordingly. However, Miss Harkness assures me that I succeeded in obtaining a better disposition towards the suffrage in several important directions, and secured positive adherents in others, which is very encouraging. I must not forget to tell you of an excellent answer I saw by the *Glasgow North British Mail*, Miss Becker gave the Bishop of Manchester. He repudiated our movement in the strongest terms and said women were to keep at home, and had enough to do there; whereon Miss Becker reminded him that she had been signed with the sign of the Cross in baptism, that she might not be ashamed as "Christ's soldier and servant, manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil," and finding no such foes in the peaceful domain of her home she thought it her duty to go outside to encounter them. It was an admirable answer for the thoughtless Bishop.

At the annual meeting of the contributors to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh yesterday, two sets of managers were proposed—one in favor of the admission of female medical students to the wards of the infirmary, and the other opposed to it. After a long discussion, in which Mr. Duncan McLaren, M. P., Professor Christison, Dr. Halliday Douglas, Dr. Gillespie, Mrs. Henry Kingsley, and Miss Jex Blake took part, a motion in favor of the managers opposed to the admission of the lady students was carried by 100 to 96 votes.

I subscribe myself yours ever,

EMILY FAITHFUL.

PREVALENCE OF CRIME.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

An article in a late number of *THE REVOLUTION*, "The case of Mrs. Fair," together with a communication in a cotemporary a short time ago, relative to the McQuigg trial which recently closed in Ironton, Ohio, led me to thinking if there could not be some way or means devised to prevent this so oft repeated occurrence of seducers being shot by the seduced; and being a "woman's rights" woman, I fear there is a lameness in the laws, and that just so long as there is no law made or enforced to punish the crime of seduction, and it continues to rage rampant throughout the land, the number of murdered men and disgraced women will still be *ad infinitum*.

In the case in question, the murder of Presley Barker by John McQuigg, we considered the circumstances to be aggravating in the extreme; the seduction of McQuigg's sister, "Lizzie," by Barker, his taunting her with it, and professing love for a third party, resulted in the seducer's death; and the trial of the McQuiggs, which resulted in their acquittal, was, in our humble opinion, just and right. Yet, in the communication I referred to, by "H," he says: "The feeling of many of the most intelligent and reflecting portion of the community was, that the verdict was a great outrage in the name of justice, and contrary to the law and the evidence; and the people feel that in the case of killing there is but little hope of the law being enforced if seduction is set up, it being more the rule to believe that plea than to insist on proof of it."

Furthermore, he says: "It is a curious anomaly of (American) human nature to consider that the sin of fornication or adultery is fully atoned by the crime of murder, and that wounded honor is instantly healed by the potent remedy of a pistol shot." We do not believe the pistol shot to be a potent remedy for wounded honor, and we do not trouble ourselves "as to which of the two, the slayer or the slain, had, before the killing, been the least sinner."

Also, "H" tells us: "The doctrine that 'he who violates the honor of a family does so at the peril of his life,' and that this idea will tend to decrease the number of seductions is surely unsatisfying to any reasoning mind." Now we most firmly believe, could those words be engraved in never-dying characters, and implanted in the heart of every man, that our code of moral laws would be greatly improved thereby. We think, to the libertine, the certain knowledge, or even the probability, of a future bullet being lodged securely in his breast, would perhaps make him stop, and ponder as to "cause and effect."

If when he entered his victim's house, and

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by soft words and tender glances allured her on, only to deceive her, he *knew then* that there was a future bullet awaiting him as a result of his actions, it would in a measure stop him in his "nefarious designs of seduction." None are less anxious to court death than the libertine, and when such a swift messenger as the bullet follows as a finale to his crime, we think, instead of taunting the woman with her disgrace, and leaving her and her child to the uncharitable mercies of the world, he would at least make all the reparation in his power by marrying her.

While we do not or cannot, in accordance with virtue and chastity, excuse or exonerate the victims, yet we can pity them, and wish that equal justice could be administered alike to man and woman. It is useless for me to draw the picture of the two after the sin of adultery; for are we not all cognizant that he has only been "sowing his wild oats," and can again be received even into the circles of the most elite and fastidious, while she is forever lost to all society and happiness, even scouted by those equally guilty, but fortunately whose guilt is undiscovered.

Is it not too often the case with the girls that there is deep love and promise of marriage before yielding? Where there is no love, we agree with "H." that "indignant glances and scathing rebukes are sufficient to preserve her honor unsullied."

As to the fiend, we can only detest and abhor him; he is deceitful and deceiving from the core. Is it not a deplorable fact that in this life there is no punishment awaiting all such? For the time we would like to adopt the Universalist's belief, and see them receive a foretaste of what is to come, by giving ten years of hard labor in the penitentiary.

We think such verdicts as the one given in the case referred to have met with approbation by the good and just throughout the land; for we believe if there are any circumstances under high heaven wherein a person should be acquitted of the crime of murder, it is when the victim of a seducer's wiles terminates the life of him who has so foully and basely deceived her.

Yours truly,

ROSS GAINES.

A VISIT TO VIRGINIA.

NEW YORK, JAN. 19, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

A few items with regard to the Washington Convention, which were necessarily omitted from a mere report may, nevertheless, prove interesting. On the last evening Miss Anthony made one of her usual stirring speeches, and then put the question to the audience to discover how many were in favor of woman suffrage. There was a very hearty response, the ayes sounding in deep bass and clear treble all over the house, while there were only a few masculine votes to offset the almost unanimous vote in the affirmative; encouraged by this, Miss Anthony next explained that we now claimed that under the XIVth and XVth amendments women were legally entitled to vote, that Mr. Riddle, who is a Supreme Court lawyer, residing in Washington, intended at the next election to present several ladies for registration, and if it was refused would carry the case before the courts, "Now" said Miss A., "all women here present who are willing to offer themselves for registration, say aye," to this. There was a very

good reply, some twenty or thirty women boldly saying "aye." A great gain, as those must have been bold hearts to give an answer audibly where they were seen to attract some attention by thus pledging themselves. Another most gratifying feature of the convention was the great number of women who attended its sessions. When woman suffrage was first agitated the audiences consisted, on an average of ten men to one woman, now it is just the other way; wherever we go our audiences are principally women, a most encouraging sign, as it is certain that whenever the women of the country unite in demanding the ballot, they will have it: and no better contradiction than these crowded audiences of women can be given to the old assertion that women do not wish to vote.

One morning I went with Rev. Olympia Brown, into the House of Representatives. She looked about bewildered at the scene of confusion; one man shrieking at the top of his lungs—(literally at the top, I should judge from the shrill sound) while every other man was talking to his neighbor. "Is this the House of Representatives?" she asked in wonder "Yes," I replied. "Why, it is the most disorderly assembly I ever saw!" Even so, and I could not help reflecting what would be said if women were to hold such a meeting. One woman screaming with all her might while all the other women talked to each other. Should we ever hear the last of "woman's shrieking" etc., etc.?

From Washington I went on to Richmond, Va. I was much saddened by the air of dilapidation and poverty which prevailed everywhere. The pleasant southern country, my childhood's home, seemed blighted by the cruel results of war. When it will recover God alone can tell. The day seems far distant. Here among the people of this section there is as yet a deep-rooted prejudice against woman suffrage, they have not even imbibed the first liberal thought with regard to permitting women to have better opportunities for development than they have therefore possessed, and they consider it above all very shocking for women to speak in public. However, I had a large audience on Saturday evening after the old style. It was composed almost entirely of men, the women many of them not daring to go. Fancy what a strange state of affairs to our northern ideas, that ladies should be afraid to go and hear a popular lecture by a woman, though they go to concerts and theatres to be entertained by their own sex. Most of my hearers had never before heard a woman speak. I was very warmly received, applauded so uproriously as to be almost bewildered and was urged very much to remain to speak again; this, however, it was impossible for me to do on account of my Northern engagements. Although there is little hope at present of the adoption of woman suffrage in Virginia, this much was gained. The Legislature was in session. I had an opportunity of conversing with several members on the various aspects of the woman question, and one of the most influential of them promised me that the session should not go by without the passage of a bill giving women an equal right to their children; and a bill making married women the absolute owners of their property and earnings. The cause of suffrage has a staunch supporter in Mrs. A. W. Bodeker from whom I received every courtesy,

and who will help it on to success in that section of country, if perseverance and hard work can accomplish it.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

WOMANISH.

OAKLAND, CAL., JAN. 10, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Our minister told us last Sunday, in regard to a certain matter, that we were becoming "womanish." I have been studying over this word for a day or two. I ask, is there any such quality as that embraced in the term "womanish" belonging to a womanly woman? "Womanish," you know, in the everyday rendering of the word, implies a shrinking and shrieking at rats, mice, cows, dark nights and spiders. It means simply a silly cowardice. The dictionary doesn't say this exactly, but there are words which have one meaning in the dictionary, and another out. Of these "womanish" is one.

Our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters may be womanly, but shall they be "womanish?" It is no part of the womanly woman. She is no coward. She has courage, nor does that courage one whit lessen her feminine delicacy and refinement. Is she not as composed in the face of danger and death as the man? Does she not as well bear pain—if not better? Has she not walked straight from her home into the battle hospital, with wine, lint and bandages, among groans, shrieks, and warm, flowing blood dabbled over face and form—among gashes, dreadful mutilation, shattered and splintered bones—and though her cheek may have paled, have not her nerves braced themselves as strongly as the man's?

Has she not in time past, disguised in male apparel, stood in the battle's front while musket, rifle and cannon puffed their flame, and smoke, and iron and lead in her face, while the invisible death pellets struck down to the right and left, and still her nerves were steel, and she has stood while others fled.

I object *in toto* to this term "womanish." It is an insult to the female nature. Courage, as well as intellect, is no special attribute of any one sex. Dictionaries, as well as men, need revolutionizing, that justice be done woman. Let us drive the word from the language, from press, from pulpit. Let it be "womanly," not "womanish."

Truly yours,

PRENTICE MULFORD.

There is no business or branch of trade in which skill, knowledge, and enterprise are more essential, than in the drug business; nor is there any branch of human industry in which more charlatanism and imposture prevails. It is, therefore, to the interest of the public to carefully discriminate between the true and false druggists. This can easily be done by a simple practical application of that rule which is as true in matters of business as morals, "by their fruits (or results) you shall know them." Judged by this rule, Helmbold is a true druggist, and those well-known medicines, known as "Helmbold's Preparations," are legitimate remedies. These latter have been before the public prominently for many years, and have been universally successful; the Extract of Buchu especially, has secured the public confidence. For its appropriate diseases it is without a rival.—*Daily Tribune, N. Y.*

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LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3008, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 26 1871.

LYDIA BECKER.

Lydia Becker has been called by some of our American newspaper writers the Anna Dickinson of England. But this comparison is entirely incorrect. Like Anna, Lydia is young; but she does not possess that same "gift of tongues" with which our Anna has been so generously endowed by Nature. She is not an orator, and rarely speaks in public; never without reluctance and never satisfactorily to herself, unless carried away in the heat of argument, or spurred on by a keen sense of injustice done her sex. She then speaks from her heart without previous preparation, "as the spirit gives her utterance."

But although she rarely indulges in public speaking, she is never idle. Her whole time is devoted to the work of the enfranchisement of her sex. She is the Secretary of the Manchester Society for Woman's Suffrage, and her post is no sinecure. The method of work for woman's suffrage in England is principally the sending of petitions to Parliament, and the correspondence necessary to the preparation of these and the obtaining of signatures all over the country involves no small amount of labor.

Miss Becker, too, edits and publishes a journal devoted to woman's suffrage, and this, with the work of organization, the forming of sub-committees, etc., through the three kingdoms, leaves her little time for lectures, even if public speaking were, as it is not, the mode of work to which she is best adapted.

Miss Becker is also one of the powers behind the throne, which men are so fond of assuring us is the proper position we should occupy, and the true way of exciting our influence. She, by her arguments, appeals and personal efforts, has enlisted the services of many men, influential in both Houses of Parliament, to help on the good cause of woman's rights.

When the Married Woman's Property Bill was about to pass the House of Lords, in a far more mutilated condition than it was when it finally emerged from the hands of the Peers, Miss Becker was sent by the society in Manchester to beg of the law-makers of the land that they should at least regard the wishes of women while professedly legislating in their behalf, and to assure them that the bill, as they were about to pass it, did not satisfy the class for whom it was made.

The Lords were in committee when Miss Becker was announced. They gave her a hearing, and made some changes in matters against which she protested; but they did not, after all, make a law satisfactory to the women of England. One of the Peers made an eloquent statement of the arguments which

Miss Becker had urged against some of the provisions of the bill, and also rehearsed some of the objections which Miss Becker assured him woman made to certain other portions of the act; but, in spite of this, what she complained of was not righted, and the bill, as passed, has been criticized severely by the class whom it proposed to benefit.

And yet, in the face of such legislative facts, men are continually saying to women: "Why do you need or ask for the suffrage? You are already represented by your best friends, your fathers, your brothers, your sons, your husbands, who have your interests at heart, and are ready to make any laws that you suggest for the protection of your persons and property. Keep out of the dirty pool of politics!"

And yet, with amazing inconsistency while saying this, they pass bills for the benefit of women, with provisions against which these very women whom they profess to represent protest again and again.

Miss Wolstenholme, the able coadjutor of Miss Becker, at the last annual meeting of the Manchester National Society for Woman's Suffrage, held in that city, returned thanks to Mr. Jacob Bright, Sir C. W. Dilke, Mr. E. B. Eastwick, Colonel Sykes, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Sir George Jenkinson, and Mr. Muntz, for introducing and supporting the Women's Disabilities Bill, also to the 162 members of the House of Commons, who voted or paired in its favor in the two divisions of the measure, and respectfully requested Mr. Jacob Bright and his coadjutors to take steps for the re-introduction of the bill at the early period of the forthcoming session. She felt that the Committee had done her exceeding honor in permitting her to be the medium of expressing its gratitude to those gentlemen who, as members of the House of Commons, had fought women's battles in a field where women were not permitted to fight, and who had pleaded their cause where their voice could not be heard. They found men everywhere kind, generous and self-sacrificing in regard to women, but seldom, indeed, did they find them just. Such were the circumstances of the education of men, the surroundings of their life, and so seldom was it that they were enabled to see the facts of life from women's point of view, that it needed on their part a rare power of large generosity, wide experience, sympathy and deep insight to be thoroughly just toward women. She regarded this action on the part of the gentlemen named in the resolution as proof that whether or not they had yet attained the idea of this perfect justice towards women, they were desirous to do so. But she also felt that it was important that the grievances of women should be expressed by women themselves. Those grievances were many, but they might be summed up in a few words. Women complained that they suffered severely from inferior and neglected education, both industrial and intellectual; from restrictions upon industry, caused by masculine monopolies; from unjust laws, both of inheritance and property; and, she might venture to add, that they felt deeply and bitterly the unrighteousness of the present law of marriage.

Miss Becker was first roused to her public work for the enfranchisement of her sex by the reception which the petition for woman's suffrage presented in the House of Commons met with in that body—a petition numerously

signed and presented by John Stuart Mill; but it was received only with shouts of laughter.

This legislative insult Miss Becker felt, as every high-spirited woman must feel such contemptuous treatment at the hands of her rulers.

From that moment she resolved that she would devote herself to the emancipation and enfranchisement of the class to which she belonged—a class whom they professed to respect and admire, and yet whom they could treat with indignity and contempt when they asked for a share in making the laws which they must obey.

Soon after this petition was presented in Parliament, a meeting of the Social Science Association was held in Manchester, on which occasion Madame Bodichon spoke on the subject of woman's rights. Miss Becker, after the meeting, went to Madame Bodichon, and expressing her sympathy with the cause she had so ably advocated, offered to do what she could to aid in the good work. A committee of ladies soon formed the National Society in Manchester for Woman's Suffrage, and Miss Becker was made Secretary of the Association, a post which she has ever since retained, and whose arduous duties she has performed with unflagging perseverance and zeal.

During the canvass which resulted in the return of the Hon. Jacob Bright to Parliament, when the vote of every elector was of value, some gentlemen, who were engaged in the work of getting every voter to the polls, discovered the names of two women upon the register.

They immediately informed Miss Becker of their discovery, and she immediately set about carrying these voters to the polls. The first of these women whom she visited was unwilling to attempt to cast her vote; but the second, Lily Maxwell, consented to go; and on the day of election, Miss Becker and she went together to the polls, half dreading the jeers and ridicule which they feared to encounter; but the crowd divided and made way as they approached, and cheered them heartily, as the first woman voter exercised her right of suffrage in favor of Mr. Jacob Bright.

A further search of the register in Manchester revealed the fact that several other women were enrolled as voters; and at a subsequent and closely contested election, Miss Becker was furnished with a nice carriage in which to bring these voters to the polling booth. In all cases they were received with the greatest courtesy and cheered most lustily.

As a result of this movement, a search into past history was made, and it was found that the right of suffrage was no new thing in Great Britain. It had not only belonged to women in England from time immemorial, but had been freely exercised by them in the past. In a land where precedence has such weight this was no small gain for the present demand, and the result was that, after some discussion, the passage of the Municipal Franchise Act was accomplished in Parliament—an act which extended the right of suffrage to large numbers of women rate-payers.

And, as a proof that the often repeated statement that women do not want to vote was untrue, this addition of new voters has, in many instances, changed the result of elections in various boroughs, some sections

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which had always returned liberals becoming Tory, and vice versa.

Manchester is proud of having taken the lead on the question of the municipal franchise for women, and it has the honor, also, of being the first constituency to elect a woman—and that woman Miss Lydia Becker—to a seat on the School Board of England. It has placed the woman candidate on the School Board by fifteen thousand votes. Among the names, both of successful and unsuccessful candidates, who stood below her on the poll were those of men who take a leading position in the social, political and religious circles of the city. The foremost men in the district competed for the distinction of a seat on the School Board of Manchester, and it is among these that a woman has found an honorable place.

Manchester has thus added another to the voices by which it supports the claim of women to a share in the government of the country.

London has since elected two women to its School Board, and it is a singular fact that not only in that city, but in other towns, where women were candidates for this office, those who were known as women's rights women were elected, and those who were not were defeated.

A suspicion of woman's rights is no longer unpopular, but the reverse, it would seem, in conservative England!

Miss Garrett, a physician in London; Miss Davies, a well-known worker in the cause of woman's education, and herself the founder of a college for girls, and Miss Becker, an earnest laborer for woman's suffrage, are honored by an election upon a school board, which the *Times* says is one of the most important posts in the country, and which men of the highest social and intellectual positions have vied with each other to obtain.

Evidently the world moves! Who knows how soon America may follow the example England has set her, and delight to honor with some place of dignity and trust her woman's suffrage veterans, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Stone and Miss Anthony.

THE REFORMING POWER OF THE BULLET.

We give place in this issue to a letter on the McQuigg trial, which, though undoubtedly expressing the honest views of the writer, we cannot endorse. We do not believe that any case of seduction, however aggravated, can justify the crime of murder. If the laws do not furnish adequate punishment for such crimes, and probably they do not, it is a sign of the necessity of reform, rather than an excuse for the deed of the assassin. Every man or woman of sane mind who deliberately takes the life of another, except in the most urgent strait of self-defence, ought to be punished, if not by *peine forte et dure*, at least in a degree. The community that greets an acquitted assassin as a victor to be caressed and congratulated, puts a premium upon murder. It is a shameful and sickening sight to see, as we so often do, a man whose hands are stained with the blood of his fellow borne, as it were, upon men's shoulders in triumphal procession, as if he had done a great and worthy deed. These public parades over malefactors and criminals lend a dramatic coloring to crime which does incalculable mischief.

On the other hand, we do not think that in all cases, especially where the victim is extremely young, reparation can be made by instantly marrying her to the wretch who has wrought her ruin. A wise mother, it seems to us, will much sooner bear the shame of exposure than entail life-long misery upon her child by binding her to an evil-minded, base man, and adding to the great wrong she has suffered a possible existence of wretchedness. Many girls who fall are extremely young and ignorant; mothers are directly responsible for their ignorance. Let God guage their sin. The mother's bounden duty is to throw a strong, loving, protecting arm around her child in that supreme hour of her need, to stand as a tower of strength between her and the world, and prove that the loss can be repaired, the shame can be lived down, that the return to honor's path is not over unsurmountable barriers. No mother is excusable who does not make herself strong and mighty to save in such a crisis of her child's fate.

Neither do we believe that the doctrine that "he who violates the honor of a family does so at the peril of his life" would, as our correspondent seems to think, decrease the number of seductions. There are multitudes of crimes that involve the peril of loss of liberty or death, and yet men constantly engage in them, the peril many times seeming to add zest to the enterprize.

Forewarned forearmed. Girls should go into life with their eyes open; they should be instructed carefully and wisely about many things that are now concealed from them. Discipline and self-control can only check the pruriency of the lower propensities in men. This is a slow process compared to the hiss of the bullet, but it is the only one that can effectually render society clean and safe.

HORTICULTURAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

A late number of *Old and New* contains a cheering account of the New England Horticultural School for Women, situated a few miles from Boston, on the shore of "Baptist Pond," Newton Centre, and near the line of the Hartford and Erie Railroad.

The institution was started under the auspices of the Boston Woman's Club. So little encouragement was offered at first the plan hung fire for two years, and was only practically put in operation on the 23d of last June.

The house at Newton Centre is a good and comfortable one, rented for \$1200 a year, and will accommodate eighteen persons. At the time of the writer's visit in the autumn six pupils were at work in the garden. None of them were in robust health on entering the school, but they have improved in physical vigor by means of out-door exercise, until the ability to labor has increased from two hours a day to eight.

The dimensions of the greenhouse attached to the institution were originally sixty by twenty-one feet, and an addition of seventeen feet square has been since made by the pupils, who themselves boarded and glazed the little building! "The whole enclosure contains 3,500 plants, all of which, after being set, have been potted once, and sometimes twice."

Here is the description of the manner in which the time is divided, given in full:

The hour for breakfast is half past seven; the next half-hour is free; thence till noon work in the garden or greenhouse by one and all. From one to two is the leisure hour. From two to three, except Sundays, a lecture is delivered in the school room. The black-board is used in each lecture, the drawings that I saw being plants variously pruned. Each pupil takes notes of the lectures, and makes a record also of every day's work, thus obtaining a most useful hand-book for future summers. From three to four there is a class in bouquet-making, flower-packing, or some other department in which all can be instructed at once. From four in summer until nearly dark the out-of-door labor is continued, with an interruption, at six, for tea.

The whole scheme turns upon the pivotal question, "Will it pay?" And the answer is, that from calculations made the school will be in a healthy, paying condition after the first of next January. By a written contract the flowers have been sold in advance up to next June; and the demand for plants is beyond the present supply.

We call particular attention now to this admirable enterprise in the hope that other charitably disposed persons, especially here in New York, may be induced to follow the example of its founders. Our city imperatively needs such an institution, to save at least some of the great army of pale and weary shop-girls and sewing women who are literally dying by inches for the want of fresh air and sunshine. The congenial employments of the garden and greenhouse, amid sweet-smelling flowers and plants, would be, to hosts of them, a return to the veritable Eden. Our rich men would show a higher wisdom in endowing institutions of this kind than even in building hospitals, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Staten Island and the contiguous portions of Westchester county furnish admirable sites for such a school as the one now in operation near Boston. The plan could well be amplified and extended, for no city in the Union is so lavish in its expenditures for flowers, and would so magnificently patronize a well ordered institution of this character.

TO FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We have taken occasion several times before this to mention the very liberal terms we are prepared to offer agents and canvassers. Our friends will, we know, be pleased to learn that our subscription list is rapidly increasing; but we still ask their aid in getting before the public views and topics which they as well as ourselves consider of vital importance.

We ask all those who have the good of our common cause at heart to work for *THE REVOLUTION*, but we do not ask them to work without generous compensation. A few days since we received from a lady in California, as the result of the labors of a day and a half, thirty-six new subscribers. Reserving a commission of fifty cents on each subscriber, she therefore earned for herself in that short period of time eighteen dollars. We merely mention this fact to show what energy and enterprise can accomplish.

We want a good, stirring agent for *THE REVOLUTION* in every Western city and town. We are now prepared to advance our rates, and offer seventy-five cents for each subscriber, which is a more generous percentage than other newspapers are willing to allow.

In the course of a few weeks we hope to be able to offer to our friends a very attractive list of premiums, and would call attention to the easy terms on which we advertise to furnish *THE REVOLUTION* and many of the most popular periodicals of the day.

Those willing to serve as agents can send their communications to *THE REVOLUTION*, P. O. Box 3,098, New York.

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CHARITY AND SENTIMENT.

The *Tribune* is unsparing in its weak tea style of advice (for our part, we prefer the stronger stimulus of abuse) to what may by courtesy be called the gentler sex; and now having taken up the woeful case of advanced single women, who form the surplusage of society—the remnant nobody knows what to do with—it tells the story of a lady about thirty years of age, good looking and sufficiently wealthy, who has gone into a blind asylum, fitted up elegant apartments, and what time she can spare from the pleasures of the world devotes to the care of the poor inmates.

The lesson deduced from this good little story, for the benefit of other single women, is, go and do likewise.

Now, this is all very well; but we would answer that there are not enough blind asylums established, or likely to be established, to furnish missions for all the single women in the country. Were it otherwise, only a few out of the large number have the requisite qualifications for doing such work, and only a few perhaps, would choose to live in such institutions.

By making a wider application of the text, the sage mentor of the woman cause goes on to declare rather mistily that work, both for "heads and hands and the chances for livelihood," lie before Protestant women as well as Catholic women, if they will engage in deeds of charity. Just what these means of livelihood are we should like to have the *Tribune* point out. We are told "to do good and communicate," and we fully believe in carrying out the command so far as practicable; but how dispensing charity will secure a living we cannot see.

Aside from this rather foggy declaration, we are ready to pronounce much of the talk about the mass of unmarried women who want work, finding enough to do in alms-deeds, simply twaddle.

In the first place, there is no more reason why women should engage in charity in a wholesale manner than why men should do so. In the next place, there is probably quite as much pampering of vice and encouraging of laziness done by ill-considered benevolence now as there ought to be. In the third place, outside of a few great cities there is no large measure of destitution in this country. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule. What is to become of the single women in New England villages, where the honest pride and glory is that scarcely a poor person is to be found needing assistance, if charity is their sole mission?

We believe that women do quite as much of this thing already as is for the public good. Hundreds of young girls in this city are now engaged, one or more days in the week, in teaching in mission schools. Every season brings its epidemic of fairs and festivals, which absorbs some of the superfluous energy, and raises grave questions in the minds of a thoughtful few as to whether it is not unfortunate for an indiscriminate plucking to be carried on in the name of religion and benevolence, and whether the manners and morals of our young women do not suffer from the means they find it necessary to use, in order to fill church treasuries and forward so-called good works. No doubt there is a well-defined

sphere of labor for women in hospitals; but it is necessarily narrow, and ought to embrace only such as are fitted by nature and education to perform the work well.

In England, where poverty, in many hideous forms, extends all through the country, charity is licensed and established as we sincerely hope it never can be with us. Half of the surplus vigor of the better class of women is there worked off in coddling, old, rheumatic dames, and doling out flannels and soup tickets. We have reason to believe that the thing is overdone even there, and that some of the prouder spirited of the peasantry find it hard to put up with all the directing and overseeing of lady visitors, who possess more zeal than knowledge. Our own people would never submit to the domiciliary visits for charitable purposes, so largely practiced in England, and it is well for their self-respect and independence that they would not.

It is a false view to assume that the practice of charity is the best aid that can be afforded society. What we wish to teach men and women is, to do away with the necessity of charity. Let us help people to help themselves. Let us give workers to the world, and forestall the necessity of building alms-houses, asylums and hospitals. Sentimentalism has long enough thrown its rose hue over alms deeds, whereas all true progress must tend in great measure to do away with alms deeds. Women have an undoubted right to help forward this progress in any way they can, by any work their tastes and talents elect to do, and the weak tea of the *Tribune* on this subject will be set down along with some other signs of decrepitude already noticeable in that sheet.

LAMBS AMONG WOLVES.

A remarkable letter, signed "Magdalen," appeared, a few days since, in the *New York Star*, which ought to set philanthropic people to devising means for the rescue of young girls, mere children who are constantly falling into the nets of procuresses and keepers of shameful houses in Greene, Wooster, Houston, Bleeker, Amity and Prince streets, besides many other portions of this city.

This appeal for help, coming from such a source, is deeply pathetic. It shows a gleam of the most unselfish goodness in the heart of one who has perhaps known all the misery of a life of shame, and would save others from the horrible pit and the miry clay where she fell. She says:

"I often pass through Greene and Wooster streets, and I am surprised at the large number of little girls from the age of 13 to 17 years, standing on the doorsteps of the most notorious dens of infamy, some of them actually playing like they used to before they fell from purity. Many of the children's faces are pitiable to look at—haggard, and the traces of their sinful life marking deep furrows where all should be smooth and pure. Wooster street has the largest number of these little girls constantly surrounded by young loafers, in the garb of men, living off these poor, half-starved little children."

Can anything be more harrowing than this unconsciously pathetic picture from real life? The sight of those defiled children "actually playing like they used to before they lost their purity," is enough to wring tears from the hardest eyes.

The writer goes on to show how the keepers of these infamous dens ply their hellish trade, as follows:

"They send out their old hands to waylay these little

girls, who are trying to obtain employment, and by promises of plenty of money, dress, jewelry, etc., they induce these little girls to desert from their homes, and lead a life of shame and sin. Another plan is to send one of their attaches to work in a factory, and after a short acquaintance among the girls, invite some of their number to visit them, introduce them to some gambler, who plays his artful game so well that in a little while another is fallen. Various are the deceptions practised to obtain fresh faces and beautiful forms for these dens. Passing through Wooster street, may often be seen a short, stout woman, comfortably dressed, on her way down town; the time may be laid down in the forepart of the afternoon. On her return she will be accompanied by some unfortunate little girl, rather shabbily dressed, sometimes with a veil over her face (if the madame has one to give her), on her way to the madame's den. In the course of a couple of days the poor little soul will be seen decorated in second-hand, fancy clothing, parading the street, an object for every pure-minded parent to weep over. One noticeable fact among these children is their habit of eating when out of the den, where they are half starved, showing that they do not really obtain enough food. In a very little while they discover that their life is not strewn with roses! One remedy for this evil is employment—steady, good, paying employment—the want of which drives many women, as well as young girls, on the streets of this city.

The writer appeals touchingly to the editor of the paper, to whom the letter is addressed, to know if there "is not a law by which any officer may arrest those children, either on the street or in the house, and remove them from their vile surroundings?"

We, too, reiterate the demand with passionate energy. Is there no law in this city which can save these lambs from the clutches of the wolves, almost before they have passed the boundary line of childhood? Have not the policemen, who make domiciliary visits to these haunts of sin, the right to inquire into the ages of the inmates, and to rescue and restore to their parents by force such as are still minors; or, if they have no parents, or worse than none, to provide suitable places in reformatory institutions? Ghastly stories drift to us every now and then of the extreme cruelty with which these poor victims are treated by the madames, who beguile them to their ruin—how they are starved and beaten, and denied needful covering to shelter them from the cold. We ask, in the name of humanity, can nothing be done with these ghouls and ogres of society, who are sucking the children's blood? When our city authorities know there is a well-organized trade in the virtue of children, are they powerless to devise any means for its punishment?

Whether the means already exist or no, certain it is they are not likely to be applied for the rescue of the perishing classes. Our bloated aristocrats are too busy stealing from the public crib and misusing the public money to think of these fallen and tempted little ones, whose ruin will be on their heads. When the moral consciousness of a woman, who probably, herself, stands outside the pale of respectable society, is stung into making such a protest as that from which we have quoted, it is high time Christian people put their hands to the work of cleansing away this terrible evil. In the name of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "It is better that a mill-stone be hung around your neck, and you be drowned in the depths of the sea, than that you offend one of these little ones," we beseech you to rescue the victims from these wolves' dens.

Could we have placed before us the appalling statement of the number of girls who lose their virtue as soon as they reach the age of puberty, we should then discover the most

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fruitful source of supply to our houses of ill fame. It is doubtless safe to say that one-half the abandoned women on our streets never knew an innocent childhood. They were the victims of man's brutality, lust and violence before they knew the full meaning of virtue or vice. In the face of this solemn fact, which has the weight of a curse, the *Tribune* can declare that women fall through their animal natures; those girls are so bad with their bold looks and brazen ways. But God sees far back to the beginning, when they had no knowledge, no strength, no experience—when they were beguiled and drugged by devilish wiles, and woke up branded forever; and He judges not as man judges.

FERRYBOAT MANNERS.

A lady who evidently believes in letting the dear men have their own way, in all places and on all occasions, writes pathetically to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and puts in her small, piping protest against opening both sides of the ferryboat to ladies, and appointing "police-women" to keep order. She thinks men will smoke, whether or no, and instead of fumigating one cabin only, as they now do, will make both places unpleasant for decent people.

Whether this protest was called forth by tenderness for the feelings of smokers, or dread of unpleasant scenes with the "Dutch police women," does not appear. For our own part, we disown the most sneaking consideration for the feelings of smokers. We could remorselessly see them banished from the places where respectable men and women must do congregate, and remanded to some separate and distinct inferno of their own, as they are on the steam cars, where they would have nobody to choke or stifle but themselves.

Were both sides of the boat open to women, we should not wish to see officers of either sex oblige men to get up and yield their places. That ought to be left entirely to the courtesy of individuals, as it now is in cars and omnibuses. Probably an officer would be required, at least for a time, to insist on obedience to the rule, "smoking not allowed;" but we do not apprehend that it would occasion any manner of disturbance. The fact that the law has always been practically null, owing to the absence of any one able to enforce it, is the real reason of the exhibition of more ill-breeding on the ferryboats than elsewhere. A very slight show of authority is all that is required to make the riff-raff realize that they must put on the semblance of decency, if nothing more.

Probably it is asking altogether too much of masculine human nature to demand that the flow of expectoration be checked in our public vehicles. At any serious onslaught upon that cherished habit, American manhood would doubtless exclaim, as the host did when a traveler ventured to request a clean towel: "Why, sir, more than fifty people have wiped on that towel, and I never heard a complaint before!" That towel had become an institution, and American expectoration has also become an institution; but we do not hesitate to pronounce it a filthy vice, which a self-respecting Choctaw ought to be ashamed of. The sight of our gilded and richly upholstered hotels, with their befoiled floors, is a singular commentary on American civilization.

With a spirit that hopes all things for the best, we await the result of Director Smith's influence brought to bear upon the Ferry Company. We possess our soul in patience, in spite of the malicious whisper which has come to our ear, that the official body is much too inert and ponderous a mass to curvet on any new idea, however beneficial to the public. We reject the allegation and scorn the allegator.

THE ARMY OF THE UNWEDDED.

In 1851 there were in England two millions and a half of unmarried women working for their daily bread, and before the taking of the next census this number had increased by more than half a million. The average number of self-supporting unmarried women is not so great in America, but it is rapidly adding to its figures, and in a few years, if not now, the problem of what to do with the single women might become as troublesome here as it is in the mother country, but for the new currents set in motion by the woman cause.

These are the redundant women that worldly philosophers scorn. If they are not good-looking or skillful enough to marry, let them die, say they; it matters not what becomes of them. Only the fortunate married or marriageable woman deserves a thought. She who cannot secure a man is the pitiful exception to the rule of nature, not worthy of being considered.

John Stuart Mill deals most admirably with this coarse method of sneering down many millions of human beings. He affirms that of the lower classes "the cleverest, the most prudent, the most thoughtful, are those who, either in domestic service or a few, very few other callings, attain comfortable and responsible posts, which they do not care to leave for any marriage, especially when that marriage puts the savings of their lives at the mercy of the husband. The very refinement which they have acquired in domestic service often keeps them from wedlock. 'I shall never marry,' said an admirable nurse, the daughter of a common agricultural laborer, 'after being so many years among gentle folk I could not live with a man who was not a scholar and did not bathe every day.'"

Speaking of the higher classes, he says: "Many a lady who remains unmarried does so, not for want of suitors but simply from nobleness of mind. How often does one see all that can make a woman attractive—talent, wit, education, health, beauty—possessed by one who never will enter holy wedlock? 'What a loss,' one says, 'that such a woman should not have married, if it were but for the sake of the children she might have borne the state.' 'Perhaps,' answer wise women of the world, 'she did not see any one whom she could condescend to marry.' And thus it is that a very large proportion of the spinsters of England, so far from being, as silly boys and wicked old men fancy, the refuse of their sex, are the very elite thereof—those who have either sacrificed themselves for their kindred or have refused to sacrifice themselves to that longing to marry at all risks of which women are so often and so unmanly accused."

Jean Paul, in one of his most beautiful and pathetic essays, accords the highest honor to the woman who is brave enough to live single

from noble motives; and all those whose observations of life are worth anything well know that multitudes of the most gifted and lovely of the sex, from the peculiar circumstances of their lot, or the impossibility of finding true mates, live unwedded. A woman may match herself ever so unworthily, may lead in fact a life of legalized shame, and yet be ranked in honor above the purest and noblest single woman, who has kept her ideal bright, and scorned to accept any base reality in exchange. For her fidelity to her own higher nature she has been doomed to the position of inferior and dependent, the tireless, patient, forbearing underling who must answer to everybody's needs and whims, and know no rest and utter no complaint.

The agitation of woman's rights is the first social agency that has ever furnished a fulcrum for the lever which is to lift up single women into a position of honor. As soon as the full force of this movement is brought to bear upon society the shameful stigma will be forever removed from old maids.

The drift of the movement in England, which has already secured a very limited exercise of the franchise to certain classes of women, shows plainly that its main object is to give influence and importance to a class heretofore regarded as nonentities. From the very nature of things, the larger part of the official positions likely, in the future, to fall to the share of women, will be given to those who are exempt from the cares and blessings of wifehood and maternity.

Had the cause of woman not yet dawned, every year would render darker the position of the large and rapidly increasing army of single women in all civilized countries; but owing to the new spheres of employment and dignity, the new positions of importance and trust, resulting from our great movement, the future is full of promise for this despised and wronged class, heretofore left hopelessly stranded on inaction and obscurity.

—Miss Van Lew, the Postmistress of Richmond, who has lately been subjected to attacks of the most unwarranted nature, and whom Radical Congressmen wished to remove because she refused to allow letters franked to pass through her office, has been confirmed in her tenure of office. The cause of objection to her was that certain Congressmen while at Washington franked a lot of envelopes and sent them to their friends at Richmond to be used by them, thereby defrauding the United States of their revenue. Miss Van Lew objected to this, and instantly efforts were made to remove her. To this end petitions were circulated and signed by persons who should have known better, but without effect, for the lady found no difficulty in renewing her bond and replacing the names of persons who had withdrawn them with those of some of the most respectable and responsible Republicans of the city. As Miss Van Lew was a Southern lady, a Democrat, and moreover, was thoroughly incorruptible, the Radicals considered her unfit for her position; but nevertheless she is to be retained, sufficient pressure having been brought to bear upon a reluctant administration to make it ashamed of the action of some of its discontented supporters.

—Gettysburg, Ohio, can boast a good hotel kept by a lady. Its quietness, cozy fireplaces and good coffee are a rare treat.

THE WRONGED WOMAN.

BY F. S. CABOT.

The *Tribune* says of the wronged woman (with much more to similar effect):

"She has made for herself a place, though on the very edge of the pit, and society (by which we here mean decent womanhood) refuses, with perhaps a reasonable instinct of self-protection, to give her an inch of safe standing ground. . . . The very excess of animal or emotional nature which caused her to fall renders it impossible to reach her by any machinery of generalizing system or rules."

Then, after giving an account of an experiment now making at Brighton, England, for the redemption of fallen women, says:

"A fallen woman, to be saved, must come in contact, not with a system or rule, but with another woman."

The *Tribune* was supposed at one time to know and appreciate, at least to some extent, the grand doctrines of Charles Fourier, and it surely cannot have entirely forgotten his noble formula for the cure of all evils, "the absorbent substitution of the opposite good." If it is terribly and mortifyingly true that decent womanhood refuses to give her wronged sister an inch of safe standing ground, the remedy is, to take her by the hand and make common cause with her against the wronger, giving her safe standing ground everywhere in God's universe.

It is a silly and shameless slander to say that woman falls by the "very excess of her animal and emotional nature." She falls a victim to the unbridled lusts of men who have taken care to make the standing ground very safe for themselves, while they have undermined her pathway in every direction.

And the meanest of all their deeds is educating decent womanhood to believe their purity is preserved by aiding to destroy their sisters. Is there, can there be a lower deep than this?

It is necessary that a fallen woman should come in contact, not with a system or rules, but with justice and love in all women. But the first thing necessary is that she be saved from contact with the fallen and lustful man, who has always been the cause of her wrong. Man, as society is now, and has been in times past constituted, has the power; he is the active aggressor, the selfish tyrant. Woman is the passive victim, the suffering slave. To put a stop to the evil of the wronged woman, let man stop wronging her, and substitute the opposite good.

For injustice and oppression substitute justice and appreciation; for animal lust, brotherly love; instead of allowing her to excite your lower instincts, let her inspire you to noble deeds and a higher life.

Let every woman, in her thought of her suffering sister, and her attitude to her, substitute sisterly love and support, the divinest tenderness, for the man-inspired contempt and loathing, the I-am-better-than-thou feeling with which she has hitherto helped to crucify her. Let her transfer her loathing and contempt to the comfortable and respectable hypocrites who make the weakness of woman an excuse for degrading her, whose only sin is ministering to their sensuality.

Strong as man and lust are, woman and love are stronger; and my sisters only need fairly to see this to act on it. It ought not to be possible to-day to say the false and cruel things which men utter about women, and it will not long be so if all women will unite to make it impossible. God speed the new day.

THE NEW YORK CITY WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting held at 31 Union Square on Friday afternoon, January 20th, the following persons were elected to office for the ensuing year:

President.—MRS. CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, M. D.

Vice-Presidents.—DR. HALLOCK, DR. MARVIN, MRS. L. D. BLAKE.

Secretary.—MRS. A. B. CROSLY.

Treasurer.—MR. T. B. HAZZARD.

Chairman of Executive Committee.—C. O. POOLE.

Mrs. Wilbour, the retiring president, and who declined to be re-elected, read a paper upon "The Ballot a Right, not a Privilege." We give the closing sentences of Mrs. Wilbour's paper, which was warmly applauded throughout the entire delivery:

From the fact, then, that the ballot is a conventional mode, that A and B must agree together to make it valid in the choice of a common agent, I call you to notice that it cannot go beyond them and govern C, till C becomes a party to that government. If A could govern C, then A need not have asked B, but might have put a ruler over him at once. This he confesses his incompetency to do, by counting him in as a party to the government. But if no member of the government has derived his right from any other member, which appears, since no other has the gift to bestow, then the ballot is not a *privilege*, for there is nobody but a usurper who can pretend to be competent to give it.

It is a natural adjunct of a natural right, the right of self-government, whenever and wherever it stands as the only conventional form of exercising that common right, and can only be made restrictive and positive by the same spirit of despotism that scourged women because it had the power!

A number of new members were added to the ranks, and good work planned for the coming year. The weekly meetings are to be continued every Friday.

Book Cable.

Nature's Aristocracy: or, Battles and Wounds in Time of Peace. Boston. Lee & Shepherd, 1871.

High on the roll of the workers for reform stands the name of Jennie Collins. Ever foremost when work is to be done, never shrinking no matter how unpleasant the duty, as ready to strike a blow against the unjust laws and customs that keep a race in bondage as to use her power against the individual who wrongfully uses or oppresses a fellow-man, undismayed by opposition, persevering and energetic, there is about her a vivacity and individuality that raises her above the average of her sex, with an earnestness of purpose and originality of expression that charm her listeners, and win the admiration even of those who oppose her. Lacking the culture which only a thorough education and a familiarity with society can give, she is what she styles herself, a diamond in the rough. With such characteristics as these it would be expected that a book emanating from her pen would possess some of these qualities, with enough force and stamina to give it standing. The announcement that Jennie Collins was at work writing a book was sufficient to send a thrill of expectation through the circle of those familiar with the work or genius of this lady.

But, alas for the vanity of human expectations! "Nature's Aristocracy" has been a grievous disappointment to those who knew our author's talent. This book has fallen, as it deserved to fall, lifeless from the press, and

must sink into oblivion, with scarce a ripple to show where it has gone down. With the power of delineating character possessed by her, the keenness of her observation, the force and quaintness of her sayings, and with the wealth of the material at her command, our author is capable of better things. Were it not that here and there gleams an occasional passage, with its clear, keen sentences shining amid the general dulness and blankness of its pages, like a single star on a cloud-shadowed night, we should hesitate to believe that Jennie Collins had any hand in this work. Instead of her quaint, crisp, powerful expressions, we have every thing toned down, smoothed, and the corners rubbed off, until with its little stories of good men and women it reads like an old-fashioned Sunday-school book.

In truth, it has been not the work of Jennie Collins, but of those she called in to assist her. That the characters she describes are all true and noble in their lives we can admit, but the way in which they are presented we protest against. There is nothing to fasten on; we read, and then with a sigh of relief at being done with it, lay it down and speedily forget it.

In "Nature's Aristocracy" there is no force; all is lifeless. If we did not believe Jennie Collins to be capable of better things we would prefer to pass her work in silence; but knowing her talent, we want to hear from her again, to have a work that shall be Jennie Collins', and not some one else's. Let her, choosing out a few of the many characters she has described, weave them into a story that will, if she will be but true to herself, be an enduring monument to her genius.

Reading Lessons in Steno-Phonography, in accordance with Munson's Complete Phonographer; having special reference to the use of word signs and the formation of phrases, by Eliza W. Burns: Burns & Co., 33 Park Row, N. Y.

This little work, which is designed to be used as an exercise book in conjunction with the larger manuals now in use, is admirably adapted to that purpose and will be appreciated by both teachers and scholars. The author is a lady who has had many years experience as a teacher, and thoroughly understanding the wants of her profession is eminently qualified for the work. To those who desire to perfect themselves without the aid of a teacher, this book will be invaluable. The directions for self-instruction are few, clear, and explicit. Any one who will carefully observe the rules laid down cannot fail to obtain a fair knowledge of this valuable art. We predict for this useful little work a large sale.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite the good qualities of both.

The Revolution.

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most servicable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not to be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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EXTRACT FROM GOV. CLAYTON'S MESSAGE.

Woman suffrage has recently been the subject of much public discussion. If brought to your attention, no doubt you will give it that consideration which it properly deserves. Certainly that is no trifling matter which concerns the interests and duties of more than one-half of the people of the commonwealth. The usages, the sentiments and the teachings of past ages are indeed in opposition to this principle, but this is an age of change and progress. The existence and action of our republican government are also in opposition to the customs of the majority of nations, past and present. We are accustomed to examine each question independently on its intrinsic merits, and we are not bound by the traditions of the past.

With regard, then, to the abstract right, it is difficult to see why one sex only should exercise the privilege of voting, and there certainly are many strong considerations why those now excluded should be permitted to share in public affairs. Whatever conclusions, however, we may reach on this point, there can be no question that great injustice is done to women by many existing laws, and it is our duty to relieve the statute books of these relics of barbaric ages.

I allude particularly to those laws affecting the rights of property.

For instance: a husband inherits all of his wife's separate personal estate, while she under like circumstances will inherit only one-third of his; the husband can dispose of all his personal estate by will, but she can devise no more than one-half of her separate estate without his consent; a husband's separate deed can convey his real estate, subject only to dower and homestead, without her consent, but her deed conveying her own separate estate without his consent is absolutely void. The wife cannot convey her shares in a corporation, neither can she lease her separate real estate for more than one year, without her husband's consent. No such restrictions attach to the husband's stock in corporations or leases of real estate; and while a wife, within a specified time, may waive the provisions of her husband's will, if it unjustly deprives her of her proper share of his property, yet if she is insane during that period of time, no such waiver can be made, and the unjust will must stand, so that if the death of her husband causes her to lose her reason, she will with it lose her just share of his property also.

There are laws, also, affecting the rights of woman in regard to children, which bear severely upon her in the tenderest relations. The courts have often shielded her of late years in these matters, realizing doubtless that precedent and the usual strict interpretation of laws often bring great injustice to many worthy and suffering mothers, and lasting injury to children. All such injustice and hardship should be eliminated from our laws, and this is peculiarly your function. The laws of a state ought to express the sentiments and opinions of the people, but our statutes now fail to do this in many particulars deeply affecting the rights of woman.

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The Revolution.

BEAUTY AND ARSENIC.

Newspapers in Maine complain that women even in small towns of that State, have adopted to an alarming extent the practice of eating arsenic. The object, as most people know, is to give whiteness and clearness to the complexion, and in some parts of Continental Europe the habit is very common. By gradual increase of the dose, one may take with impunity, so far as immediate risk is concerned, enough arsenic to kill several strong men not accustomed to its use. The secret, however, is soon betrayed in the countenances of the victims to the practice. A deadly palor settles upon the face and lips, and an unnatural brightness steals into the eye. It is said, too, that a person once firmly attached to its use finds it almost impossible to give up the fatal practice. No doubt the custom now so prevalent of dyeing the hair to the various "blonde" shades is responsible for the introduction of this new and perilous device. Pearl powder, bismuth, preparations of lead, and even corrosive sublimate itself are found, we suppose, inadequate to make the skin of most women, whose hair is naturally dark, correspond with the yellow, ruddy, and flaxen hues now thought so beautiful. But it may interest those who are on the verge of falling a prey to this pernicious habit, to know that the average age of people who merely work with arsenious acid, and do not voluntarily take it into the system, is less than thirty-five years. The experiments of Tschudi show that while arsenic for certain peculiar diseases may be given in large doses with comparative safety it is in general steadily injurious to the vital functions, and ultimately destructive. One ghastly evil incidental to its use can by no means be avoided. This is that the habit, once thoroughly formed, can only be relinquished at the expense of an awful wasting away of all the physical powers. Arsenic is in this respect worse than opium or alcohol. If ladies must wear golden hair, and are bound to have complexions to match, they ought to depend altogether on external cosmetics—always including those hygienic promoters of roses and lilies, fresh air and exercise.—*New York Times*

VINNIE REAM.

In the basement of the splendid Capitol building, in some low rooms reached through arches of heavy masonry—rooms full of sunshine, vines, flowers and birds—Vinnie Ream used to busy herself with her potter's clay. Anything more picturesque than her appearance could hardly be imagined—a tiny creature in a tunic that half hid her shape, her black eyes dancing, her teeth sparkling, her long black hair streaming far down her back, and twisted about turbanwise with an azure gauze scarf, she flitted about among the countless busts and faultless likenesses of senators and representatives, and the colossal plaster cast of the statue of Lincoln, like a bird herself. Sprightly in all her conversation, with sentiment for this one and jests for that one, now a whistle to the canaries, now an absent-minded bit of song, now holding a turtle-dove on her shoulder with its bill between her scarlet lips, she was a fascinating sight to those that thronged to see her all day long, beside her bas-reliefs, medallions, designs for fountains and monuments, her hanging baskets, her harp and guitar. Her room has been vacant this year and more; but we hear that she has just returned from Italy with her accomplished work, and do not doubt that it is every way worthy of its subject.—*Harper's Bazar*.

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Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Affections, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Biliary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price \$1.00. LABORATORY—149 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md. 06 1y

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—An old bachelor says women are like parrots; they are willing to be caged up if they only have a ring to play with.

—A coquette in luv iz az tame az a bottle ov pop that haz stood sum time with the corkscrew pulled out.

—To Lady Railroad Travelers—For information respecting the last train apply to the leading dress-maker.

—“Darling, it's bedtime. All the hickens have gone to bed.” “Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen.”

—A paper has this advertisement:—“Two sisters want washing.” We fear that millions of brothers are in the same predicament.—*Pioneer.*

Punch thinks it would be a real blessing for mothers if somebody could invent a soap that would enable mammas to get their daughters off their hands.

—When should a woman go into the lumber business? When she *pines* for her lover, who is a *spruce* young man, and of whom she thinks a great deal.

—“I am sorry to say,” said a sheriff to a handsome young widow, “that I have an attachment for you.” “I'm sorry to say, sir, that it isn't mutual.”

—One of our city dealers is ready to supply the ladies with any number of mittens they may desire to present to their gentlemen acquaintances.

—“Ma, dear, Ada won't take her physic. I've mixed her a dose of vinegar and sand, and she says I must take some first. Doctors never do—do they, ma?”

—A Rude fellow once told Barnum that he had never exhibited anything that was not bare-faced humbug. “Yes I have,” said Barnum; “the bearded lady was'n't bare-faced.”

—A gentleman in Washington, hard-pushed for a compliment to a fair lady, whose face was marred by an undeniable flat nose, remarked:—“Madam, you are a fallen angel from Heaven, but you fell on your nose.”

—A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked what was the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they started on their trip. Said he, “To indicate that the chances of happiness in matrimony are very slippery-y.”

—But, after all, married life is full az cetrain as the dry goods bizzness.

No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

No man can tell just what calico has made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't even no herself.

Dry goods of all kinds iz the child of circumstances.—*Josh Billings.*

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Gives rest to the Child.

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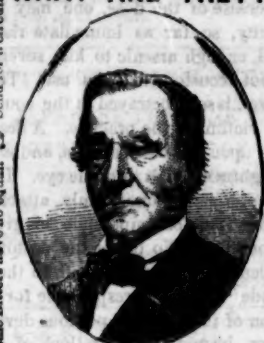
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